

WELL COMIC  
WELL COMIC

NOVEMBER



10¢

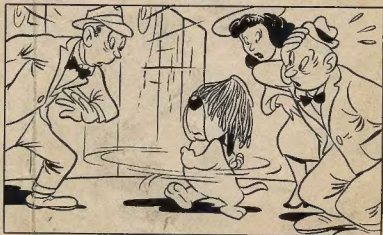
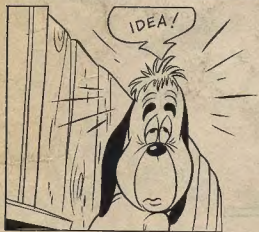


# TOM & Jerry COMICS



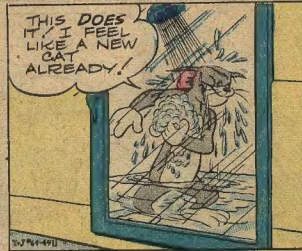
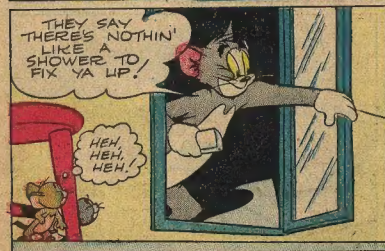
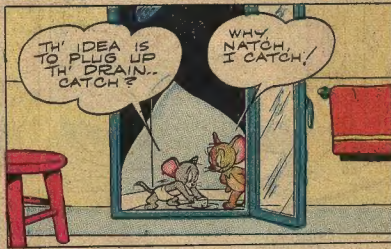
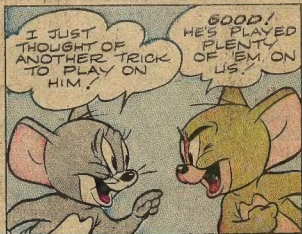
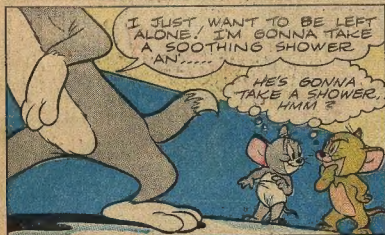
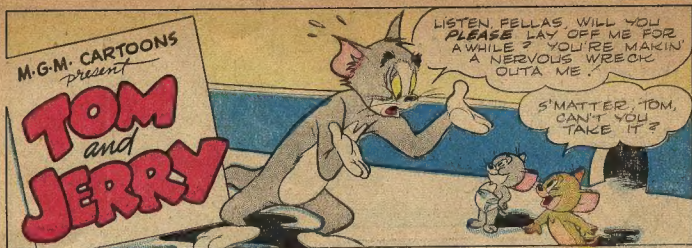
52 pages  
ALL COMICS!

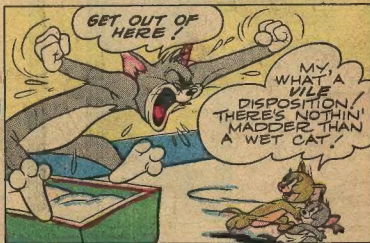
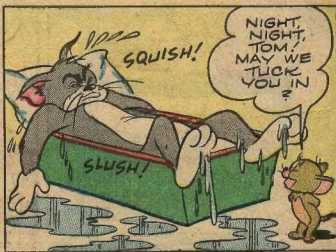
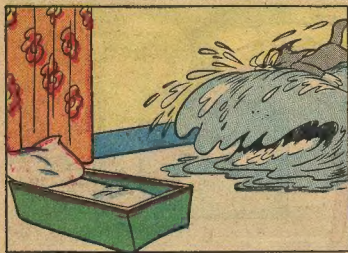
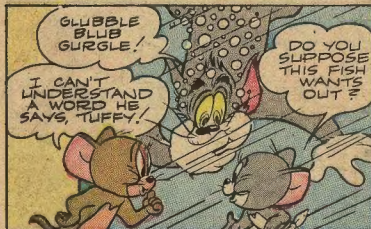
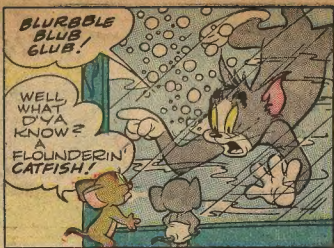
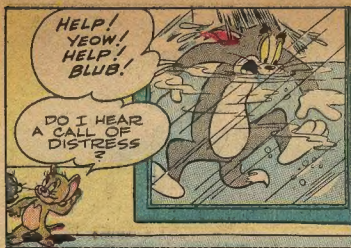
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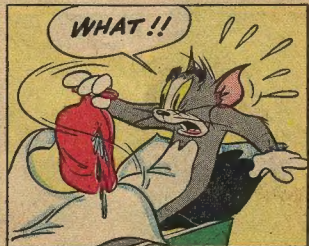
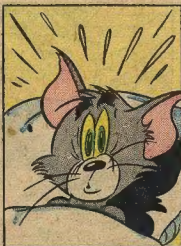
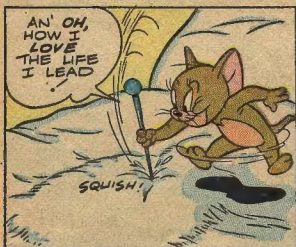
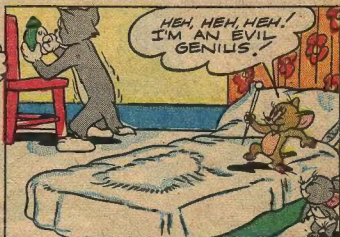
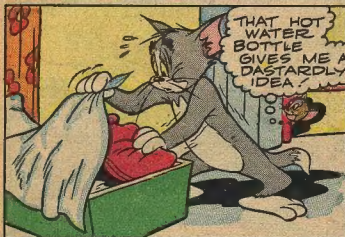
TOM & JERRY COMICS, Vol. 1, No. 64, November, 1949. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 251 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Re-entered as second-class matter May 9, 1949, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions in U. S. A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents; foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; no Canadian subscriptions accepted. Copyright, 1949 by Loew's Incorporated. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

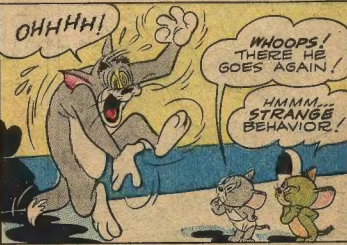
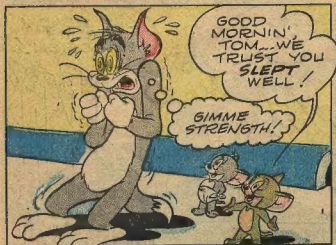
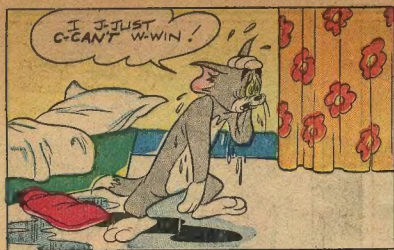










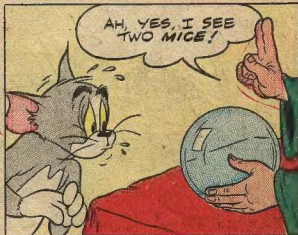
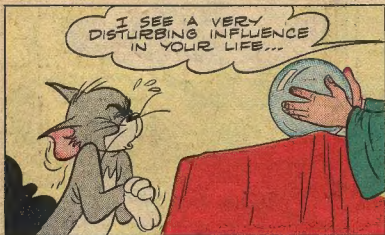


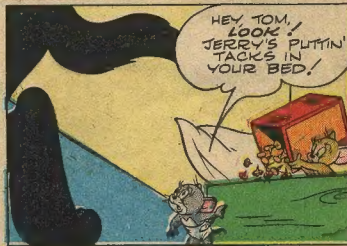
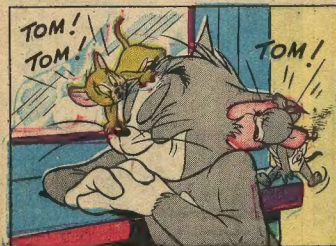
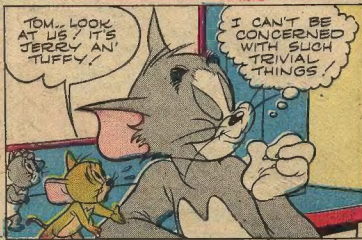
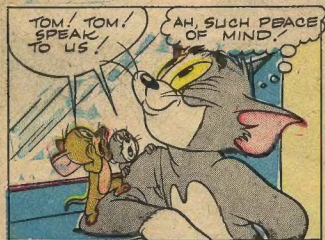
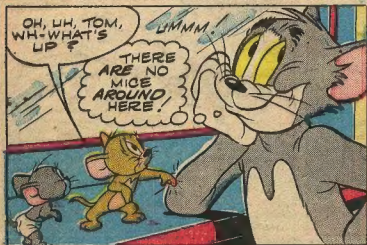
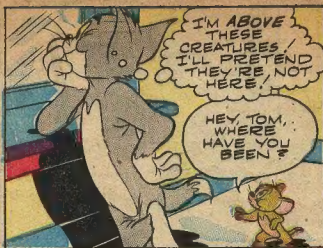
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THERE HE GOES AGAIN!

HMMM...  
STRANGE  
BEHAVIOR!

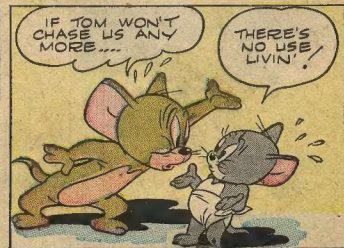
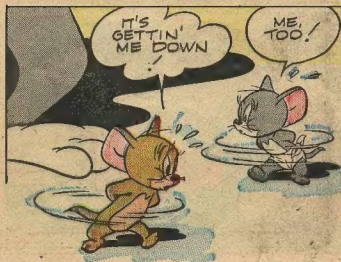
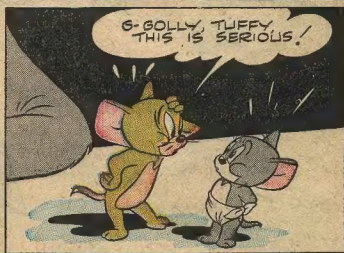
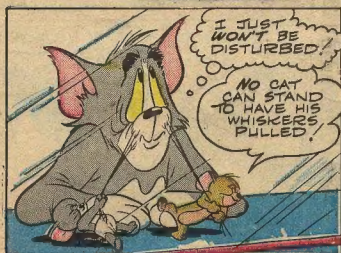
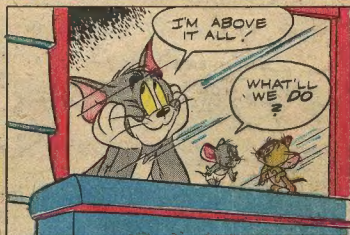
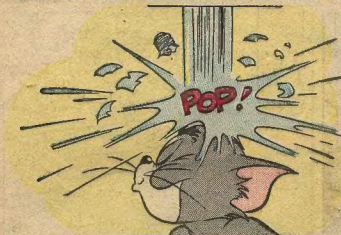
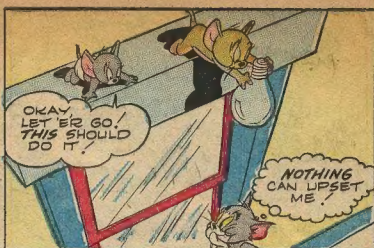
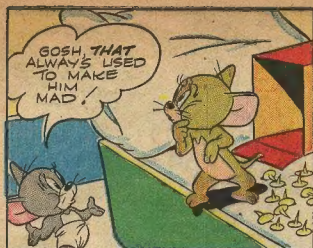


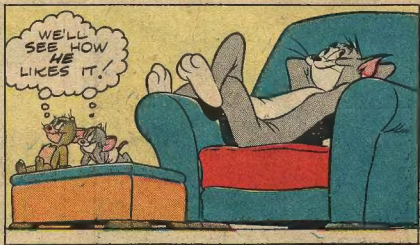
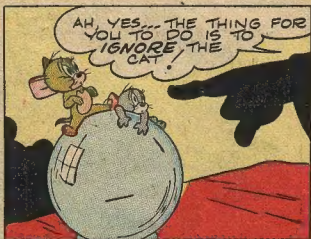
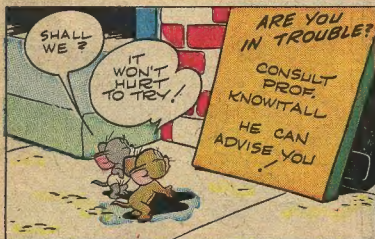
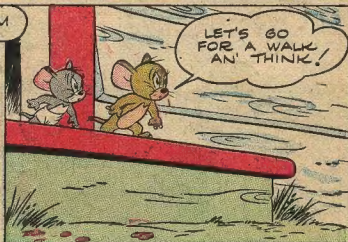
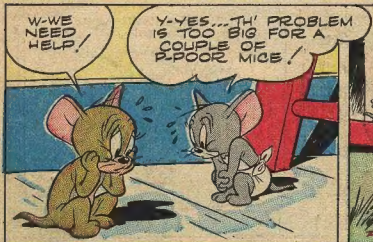
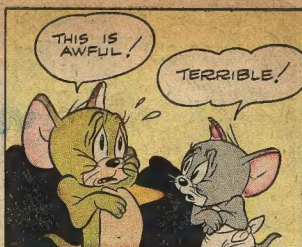
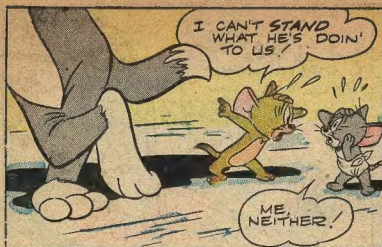




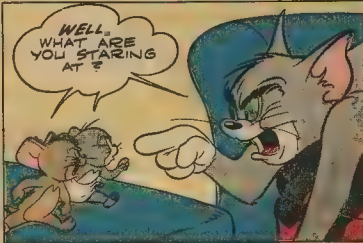
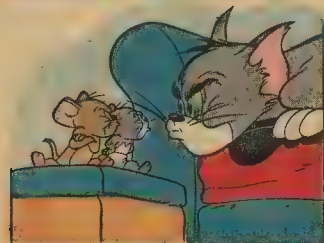
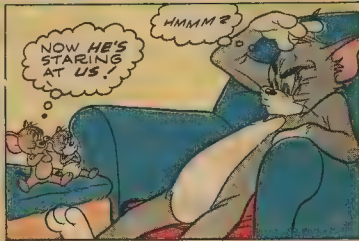
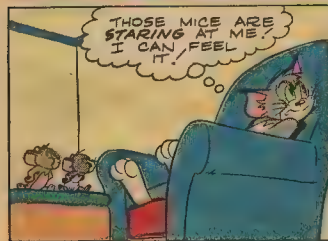
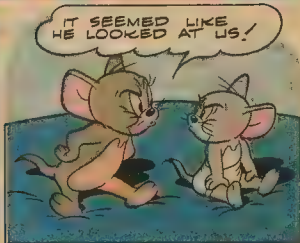
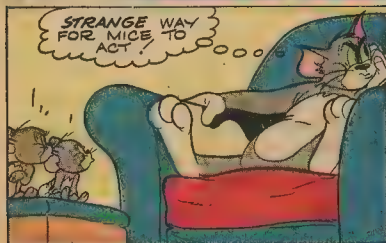
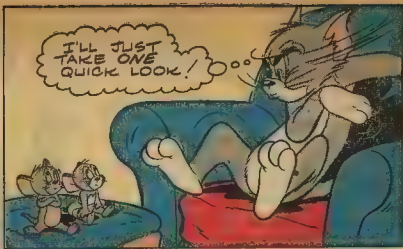
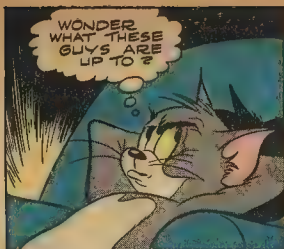


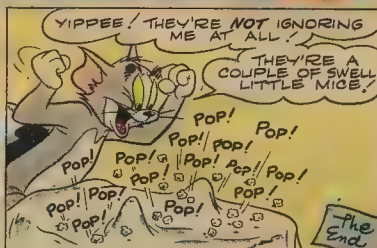
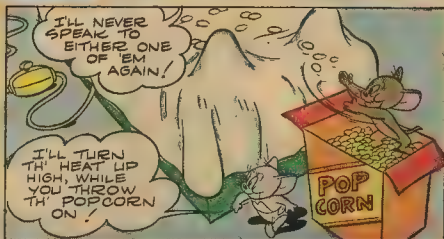
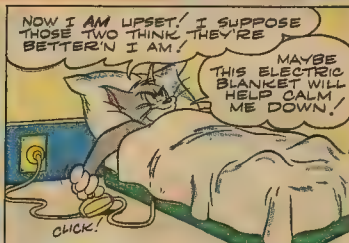
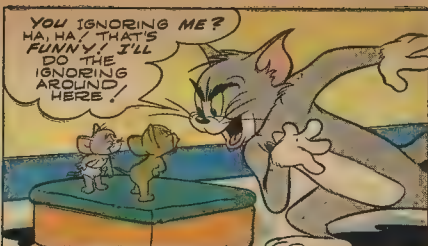




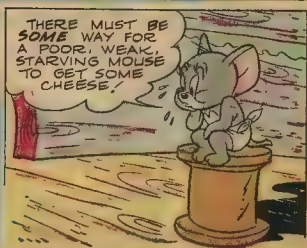
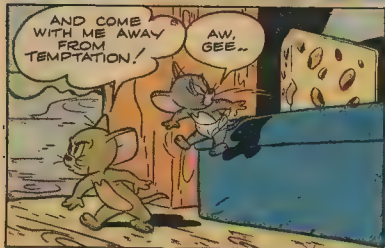
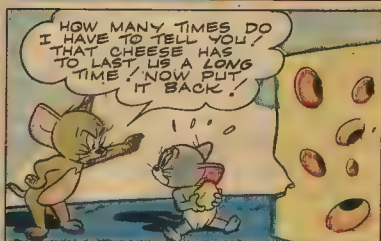
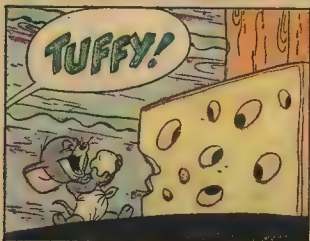
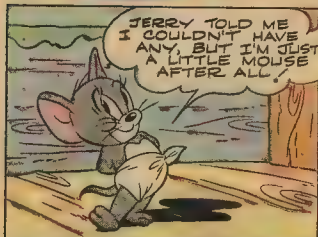
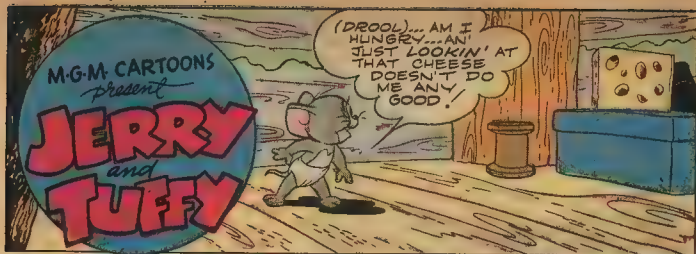


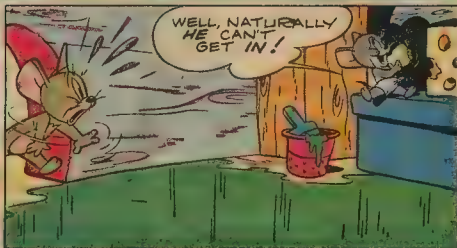
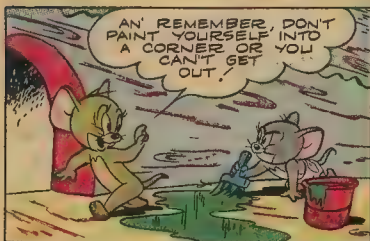
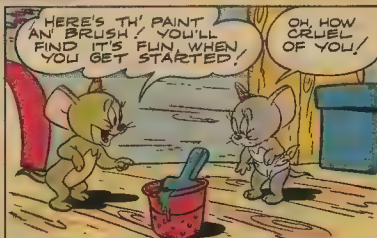
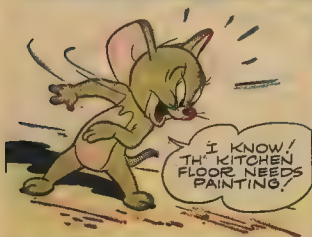
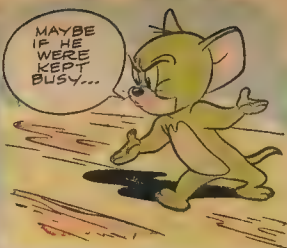
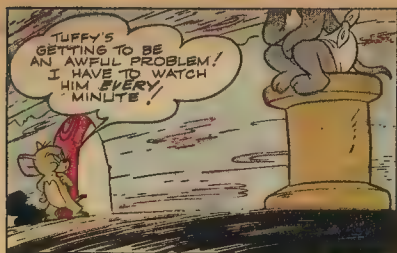




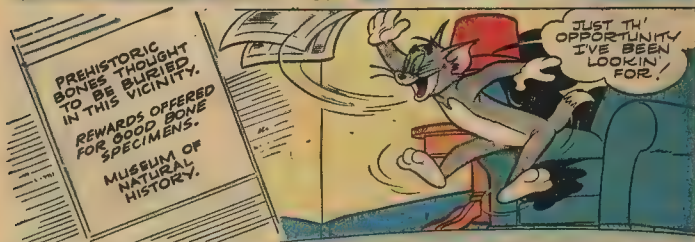
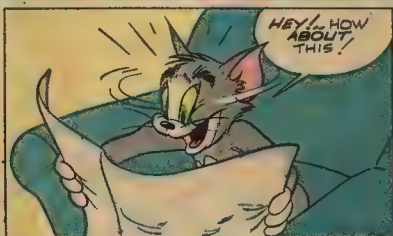
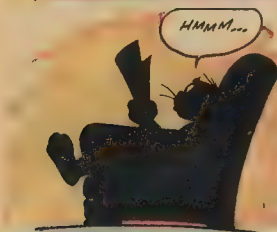


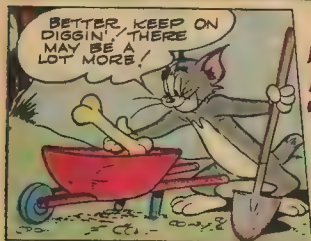
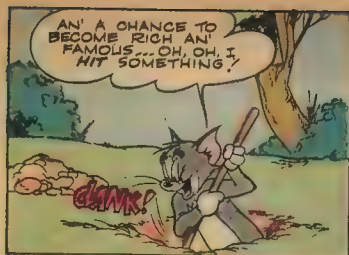




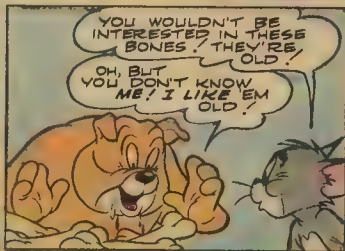
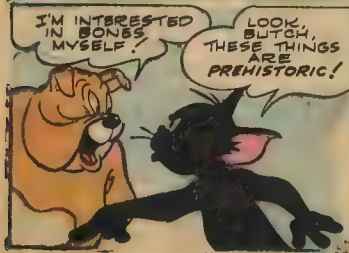
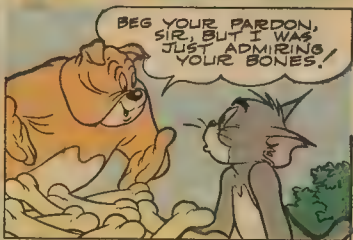
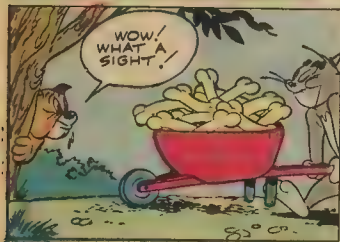


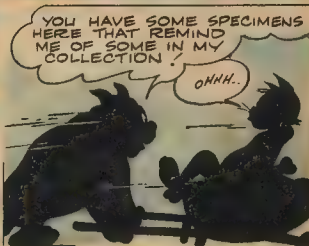
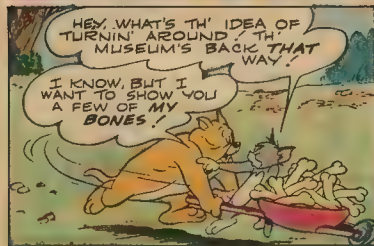
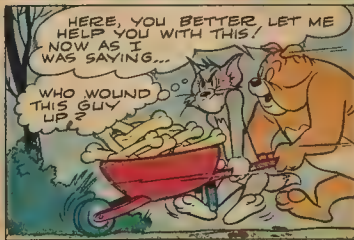
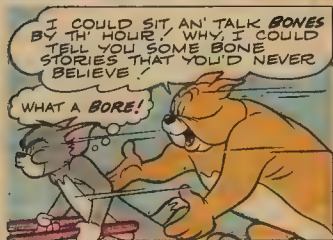
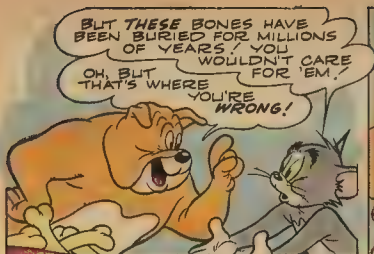




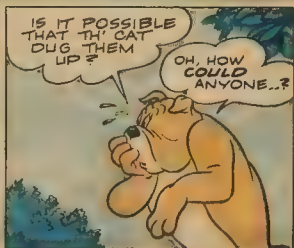
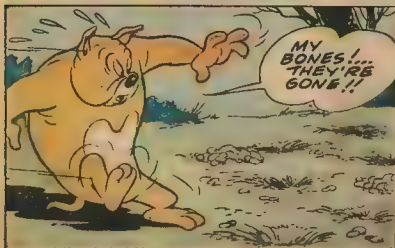
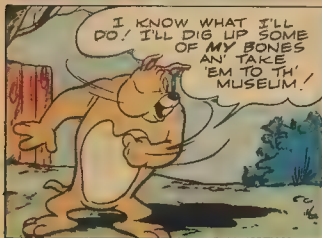
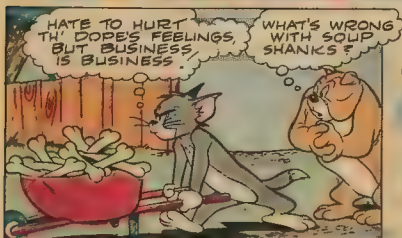
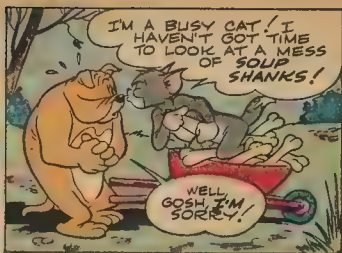


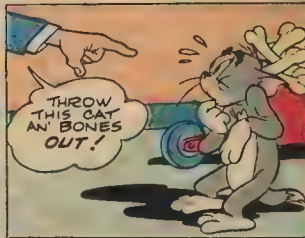
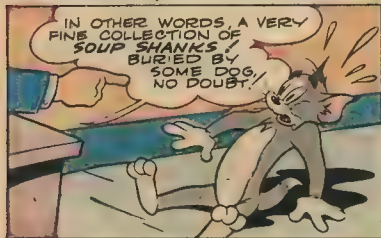
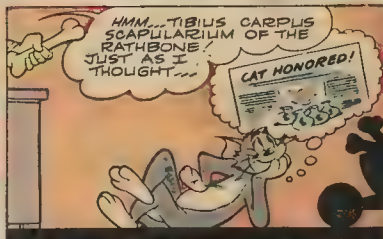
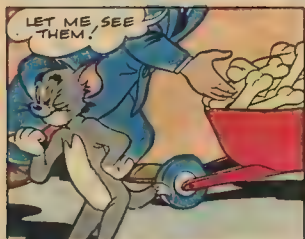
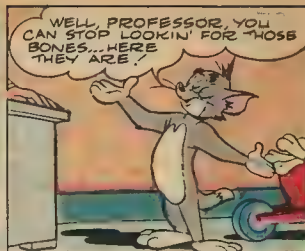
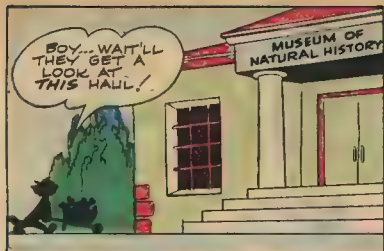
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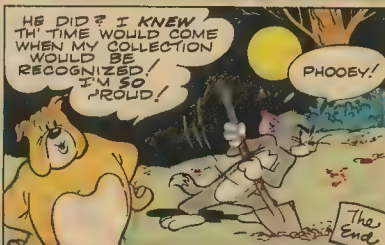
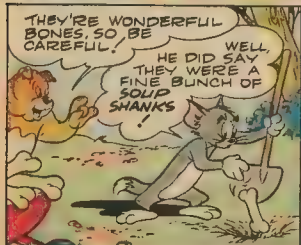
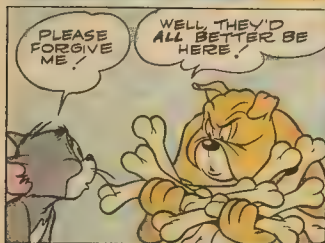
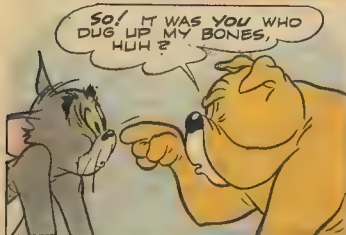
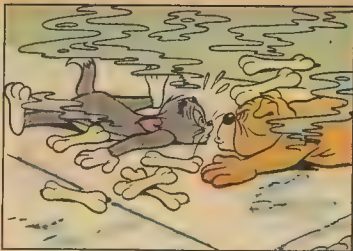
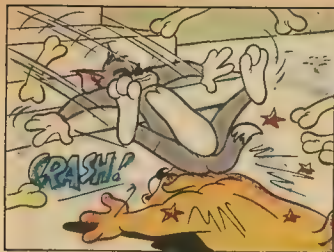




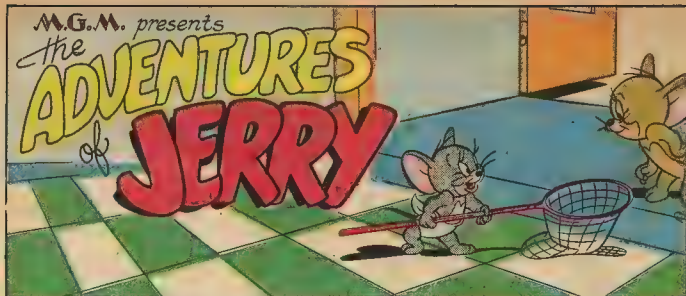












"Jerry! What about this?" Tuffy poked his head out of the kitchen closet, and pushed out a long-handled object about the size of a tablespoon. It was a small goldfish net used to fish out Ursula, the goldfish, when her bowl needed cleaning.

"Boy! Oh Boy!" exclaimed Jerry, the other little mouse. "What a find! We're sure to win the grand prize with that to help us!"

It was a lovely autumn morning and Jerry and Tuffy were getting ready for a "nutting contest." Filbert, the squirrel, had promised to award a prize to the best nut gatherers.

"Tum tee tum! Tee tum!" sang Jerry, as he and Tuffy wandered along the country road. Both little fellows were weighed down with the net . . . and Jerry also carried a slingshot made out of a hat band elastic and a couple of strong toothpicks. Tuffy had a length of string coiled around his shoulder like a lasso.

Filbert was perched on a telephone wire, supervising the start of his contest. When he saw Jerry and Tuffy, he almost lost his balance. "By my whiskers!" he chattered. "Are you two going nutting or lion hunting?"

Tuffy drew himself up to his full two and one-half inches. "If there were any old lions around, we'd catch them for you!"

"Never mind that!" said Jerry, impatiently. "Filbert, we want to win that wonderful prize! Would you show us the best place to go?"

Filbert looked at the sky. "I don't know," he mused. "The best groves are in the woods, but I think it's going to cloud up! You fellows wouldn't like the woods if a storm came along."

"Well, if a storm is coming, all you have to do is postpone the contest till tomorrow. The wind would strip most of the nuts off the trees, and we could gather them off the ground!" Jerry suggested.

"Hmmmph!" sniffed Filbert. "What sport would there be in that?"

The squirrel shook himself, and with a flick of his bushy tail, started off for the forest. "Follow me if you want to!" he called back to Jerry and Tuffy.

"Let's go!" decided Jerry. "What if it does rain? We've gotten wet before!"

"Yeah!" muttered his pal, laboring under the heavier end of the net, "I have a hunch we're going to be 'ALL WET' this time!"

The two little fellows did their best to dash along after the squirrel, but they were so weighed down with equipment that Filbert was soon far ahead of them.

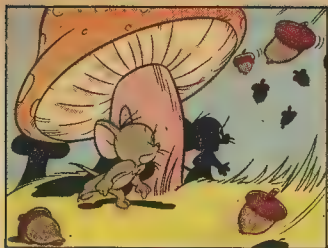
"Whew!" gasped Tuffy, dropping his lasso and the net. "Let's rest!"

They dropped down on a small bed of moss. It was soft and comfortable, but the air was suddenly cool. The sky had darkened and a sharp wind was beginning to blow.

Bang! Crack!! Sharp staccato noises began to echo around the mice!

"Ouch!!!" yelled Tuffy.

"Who threw that?!?" cried Jerry.



They were being pelted from every direction with small hard objects!

The two little fellows dashed under a couple of large mushrooms, and peeked out. Then they saw what was happening. They were right next to an oak tree. The strong wind was blowing the ripe acorns off and tossing them violently at everything in its path.

Jerry and Tuffy ventured forth, and hurriedly began picking up acorns and dropping them in the net. The wind blew harder and harder.

"Wowww!!" yelled Tuffy, as a large acorn hit him on top of his head. "If this is Filbert's idea of sport, then I'm no Sport! This prize better be worth all my suffering!"

Jerry and Tuffy soon had the net full. It was so heavy, they couldn't lift it . . . nor even drag it.

"We'll just leave it here and let Filbert come and get it," resolved Jerry. "Now, we'd better find a place to hide from this storm!"

PLOP!! A large raindrop hit Tuffy on his nose. "Better find it quick!" sputtered Tuffy. "I'm almost drowned!"

"There!" cried Jerry. "That looks like a good spot!" He was pointing to a hollow in the side of the oak tree.

"Just what we want!" agreed Tuffy, and he tossed his little string lasso as high as he could. The loop caught a branch near the opening, and the two little mice lost no time shinning up the string.

They were just about ready to hop from the branch into the hollow, when Tuffy saw two round yellow eyes!!

"Jerryyyyyy!!!" Tuffy screamed.

"There's a lion in there!!!"

"Lions don't climb, my brave hunters!" a raucous voice informed them. "Neither do they fly!"

Then, a feathered head popped out of the dark hole. "Whooo are you? . . . Wait!" continued the voice. "Don't tell me . . . Let me guess . . . Whoo? Whoo? Whoo?"

Jerry and Tuffy slid down the string like greased lightning.

"Go ahead and guess as much as you want to, you old owl!" muttered Tuffy. "But we're not waiting around for you to find out who we are! You'd like nothing better than to have us in for tea. 'miced tea!'"

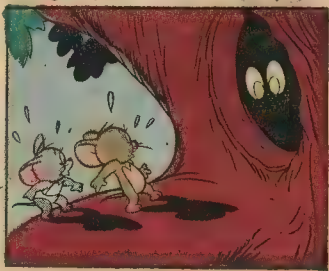
"Now, what?" sighed Jerry, as the driving rain and harsh wind surrounded them.

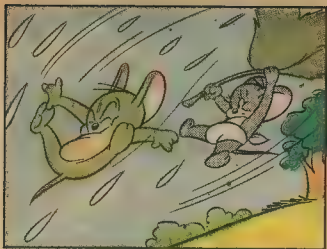
Then, he saw what looked like the answer to their problem. On a small forked branch lying near the base of the tree, were two large brown oak leaves. They were curled around like sleeping bags. Jerry crawled into one. It was strong and dry. "You try the other leaf, Tuffy!" he called to his pal.

Tuffy had just about squeezed his plump little shape into the curled leaf, when . . . Shooooohhhh!! the wind caught the twig with its two passengers and twirling it around and around, sent it flying through the air!

Wham!! As suddenly as it had picked them up, the wind dropped them.

Jerry and Tuffy were thrown out on the ground. Tuffy picked himself up, and gently felt his face. "Jerry!" he





whispered Jerry, as he felt his way along the narrow underpass. "I don't know what that mole was so worried about! If there WAS anything to see down here, no one could see it!"

"Step along!" the mole called back to Jerry and Tuffy. "And don't talk to anyone you meet!"

"Will we meet anyone?" ventured Jerry, in surprise.

"Of course not!" answered the mole. "There's scarcely room. Only one-way traffic allowed. That's the underground rule!"

"Oh!" said Jerry, and then he added, "you certainly are very careful with all your rules and secrets."

The mole dodged around a corner. Their eyes were a little more accustomed to the dark tunnel now, so Jerry and Tuffy followed right on his heels.

"Oh my, yes!" exclaimed the mole. "The underground leader is a stickler for fine detail!"

"Do you know him well?" questioned Jerry.

"Pretty well," answered the mole. "It's a secret . . . but I'm really the underground leader!"

Tuffy tapped Jerry on the shoulder. "Hey, Jerry, let's get out of here!" he whispered. "I think all this underground work has been too much for our new friend. Just tell him where we live!"

"Mr. Mole, wouldn't you like to know where we live?" ventured Jerry.

"What for?" was the answer . . . .  
Before Jerry could get another word

squeaked. "Next time we do a nose dive, let's use YOUR nose!"

But, no sooner had he stood up, when the wind knocked him down again. "This is awful!" moaned Jerry. "How will we ever get home?"

"Follow me!" piped a high voice. "I'll get you home!"

"Who are you?" asked Jerry. . . . and where are you?"

"Can't tell you!" replied the voice. "Everything down here is very secret. You see, I'm part of the forest underground!"

Jerry was in no mood for secrets. "Well," he commented, "it's nice of you to want to be so helpful, but if you won't tell us where you are . . . or what you are . . . how can we possibly follow you?"

"Never thought of that!" answered the odd voice . . . and a small mole poked his head out of the ground, only a few inches away from them.

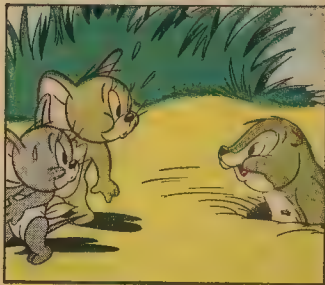
"Come along!" said the mole. "But remember, not a word to anyone about anything you may see!"

With that, the head of the mole disappeared.

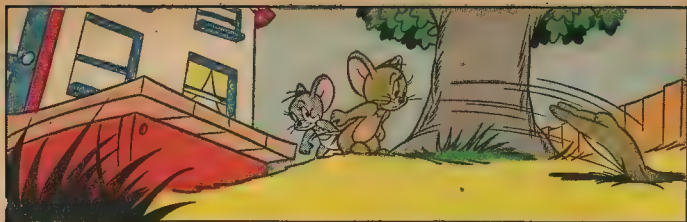
Jerry looked at the hole they were supposed to enter. "I don't know, Tuffy . . . what do you think?" he questioned doubtfully.

Tuffy had just been hit on the head by another flying acorn. He didn't bother to answer, but staggered a bit dizzily into the entrance to the mole's tunnel. Jerry tagged along behind.

The tunnel was pitch black and narrow, but at least they were out of reach of the terrible storm. "HMMMMPH!"







out, the mole suddenly burrowed upwards through the earth, and the little mice dashed after him . . . .

Jerry and Tuffy sat for a moment, blinking their eyes at the sudden light. The sky was still overcast, but the wind and rain had lessened considerably. When the two mice looked around, they found themselves right in their own back yard.

Jerry turned to the mole. "H-h-how did you know where we lived?" he stammered in amazement.

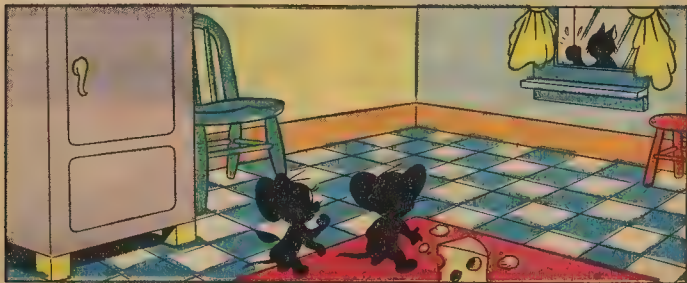
"I didn't!" answered the mole abruptly. "Just luck I guess!"

And he vanished back into his crazy patchwork of tunnels.

Jerry and Tuffy hastened out of the damp air into the house.

"What a crazy day!" laughed Jerry, as he collapsed wearily on the pin-cushion bed.

"Yup!" agreed Tuffy. "Between the owl, that mole, and being practically wiped out by a bombardment of wild acorns, I feel as if I never want to see another nut!"



That night after everyone was in bed, the mice stole out to the kitchen for their midnight snack. They were busily cleaning off the breakfast table, when they heard a tapping on the window.

It was Filbert! "I found the net with the acorns! You won the grand prize!" he cried.

The mice hopped up on the window sill and received a nicely wrapped little package. "Oh boy!" exclaimed Tuffy. "I can hardly wait to see what's inside!"

Jerry and Tuffy dragged the box back to their apartment, and just managed to push it through the entrance-way. Quickly, Jerry untied the pretty ribbon and pulled off the wrapper. Tuffy lifted the cover.

"Yummy!" exclaimed Jerry. "Candy!!"

Tuffy grabbed a chocolate and popped it into his mouth. . . .

"Nuts!" he growled with his mouth full. "Isn't that just like a squirrel . . . chocolate covered NUTS ! ! ! . . ."

# Flip dip

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LOOK, HARRY HIPPO  
IS NAILING UP A  
SIGN!

I WONDER  
WHAT IT SAYS?

IT SAYS, STRONG  
BOY WANTED!  
GOOD, PAY!

YUP, I NEED  
SOMEBODY TO HELP  
WITH THE HEAVY  
WORK!

STRONG BOY  
WANTED  
GOOD PAY.

APPLY  
WITHIN

GOLLY! DOES  
THAT MEAN YOU  
WILL PAY REAL  
MONEY FOR SOME-  
BODY TO HELP  
YOU?

NATURALLY! NOBODY  
WORKS FOR NOTHING!

OH BOY! THAT'S  
FOR ME! I'D LIKE  
WORKING FOR  
MONEY!

'MOST EVERYBODY  
DOES, DIP, BUT I'M  
AFRAID YOU ARE  
NOT STRONG  
ENOUGH FOR  
THE JOB!

BUT I'M STRONG,  
HARRY. JUST LOOK  
AT THAT MUSCLE!

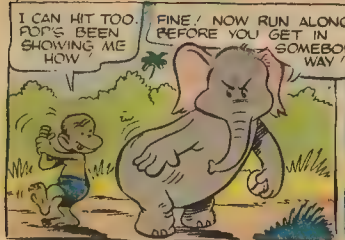
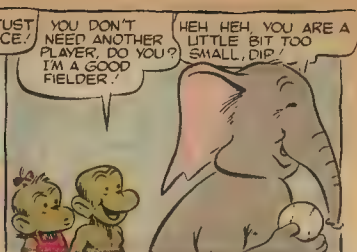
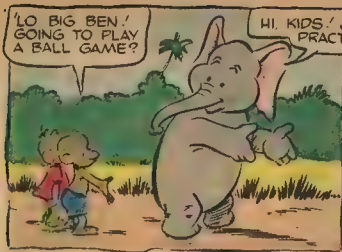
SORRY, DIP, BUT I  
STILL WANT A  
GROWN UP BOY!

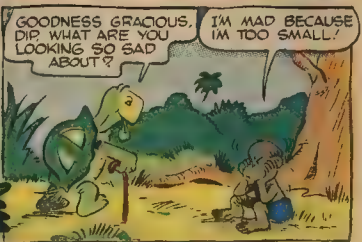
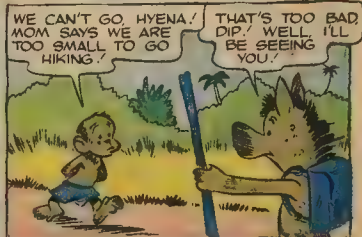
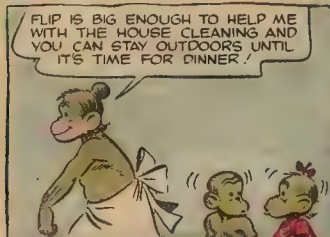
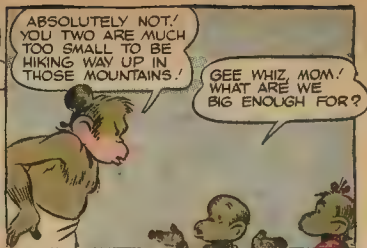
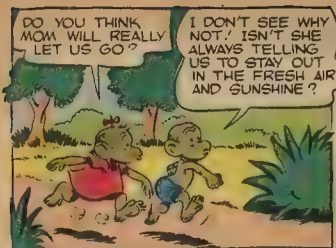
DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED, DIP!  
WE WILL HAVE PLENTY OF  
CHANCES TO WORK  
WHEN WE GROW UP!

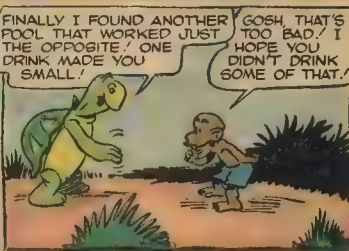
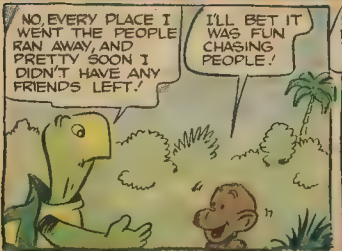
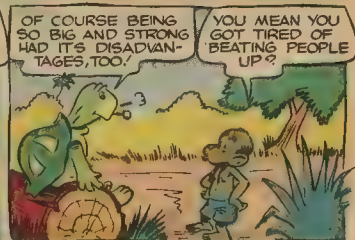
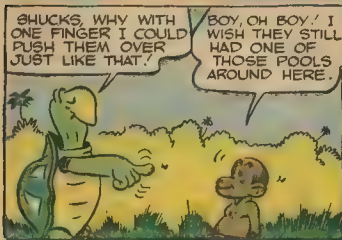
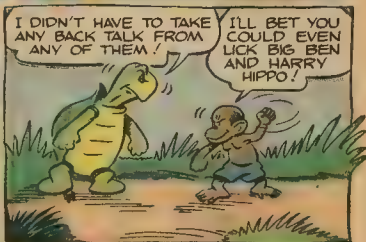
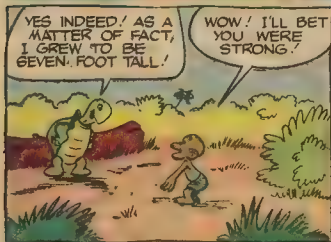
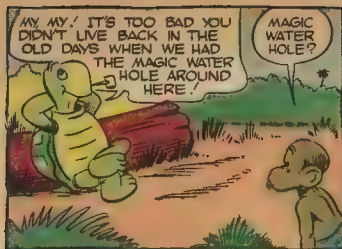
AW!

LOOK, DIP, THERE ARE  
SOME FELLOWS  
PLAYING BALL

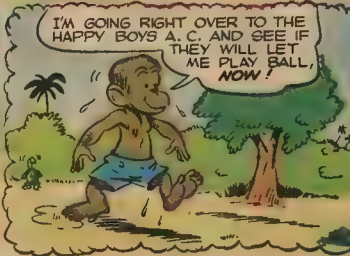
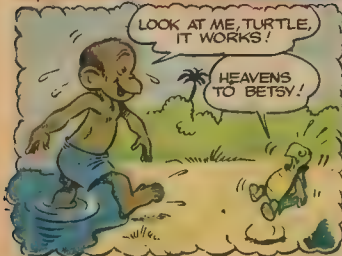
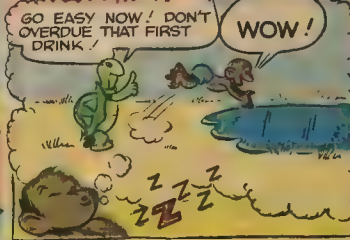
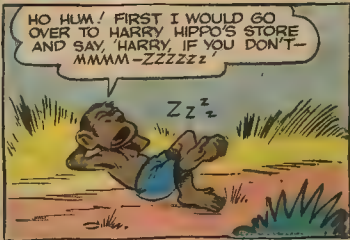
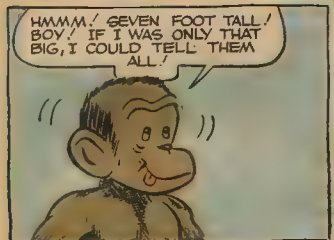
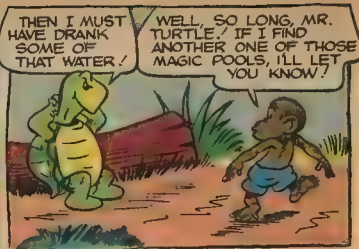
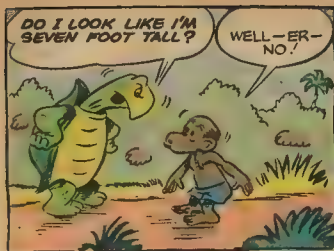


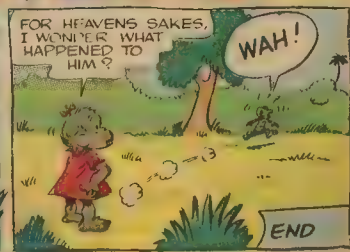
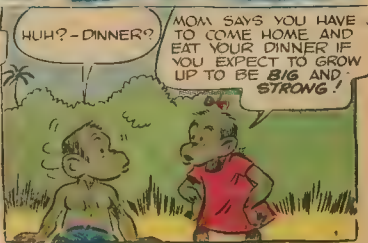
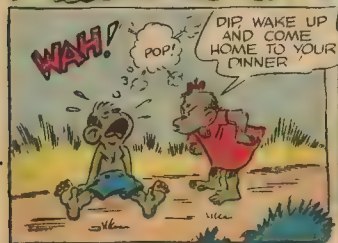
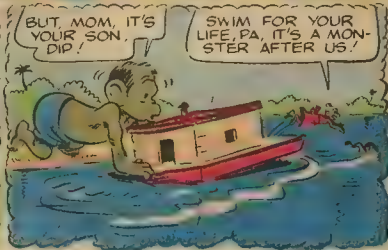
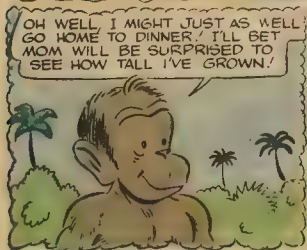
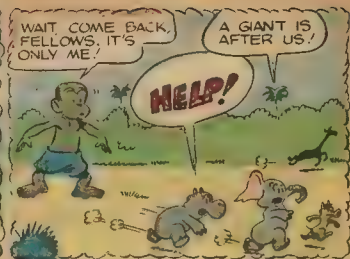
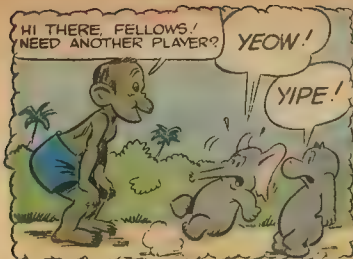












M.G.M. CARTOONS

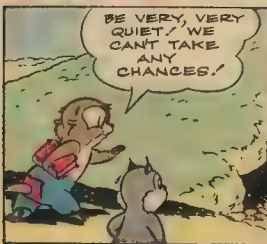
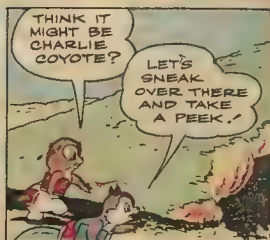
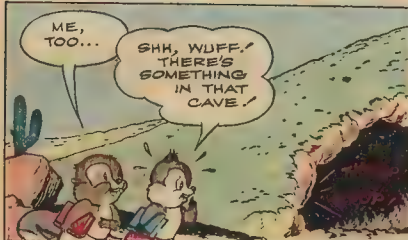
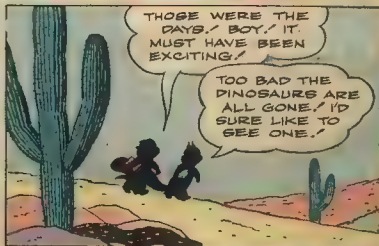
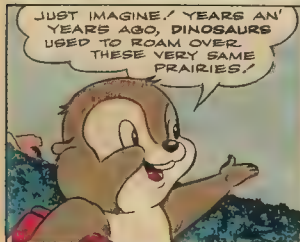
PRESENT

# WUFF

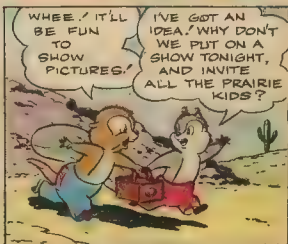
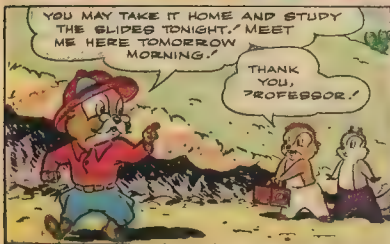
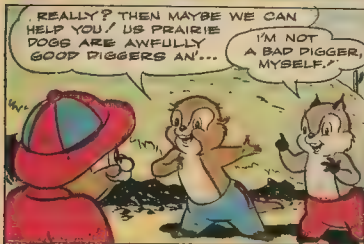
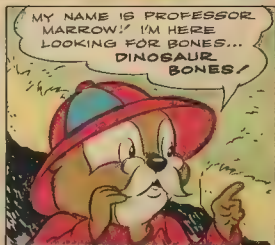
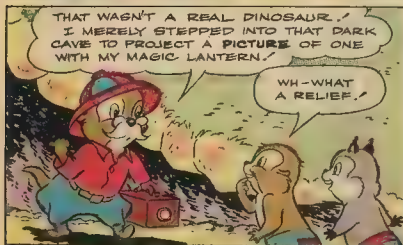
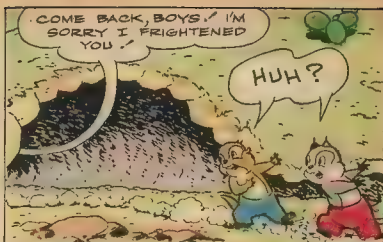
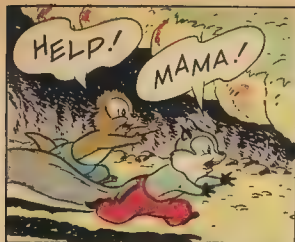
The  
PRAIRIE  
DOG

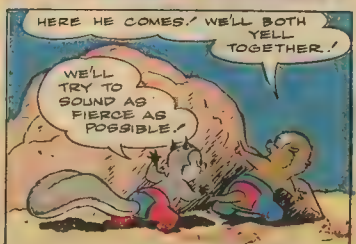
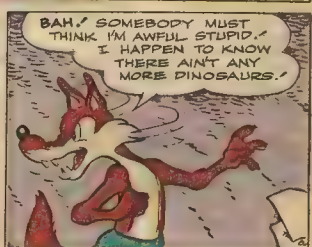
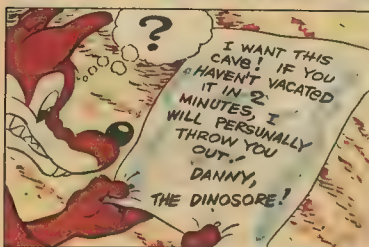
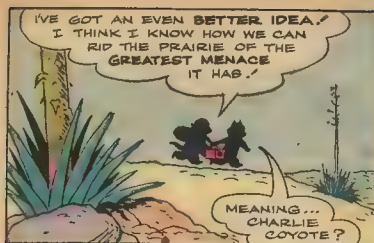
SCHOOL SURE  
WAS INTERESTING  
TODAY, WASN'T  
IT, SAMMY?

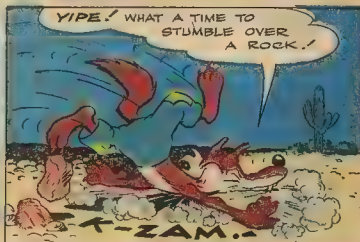
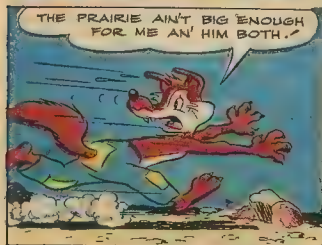
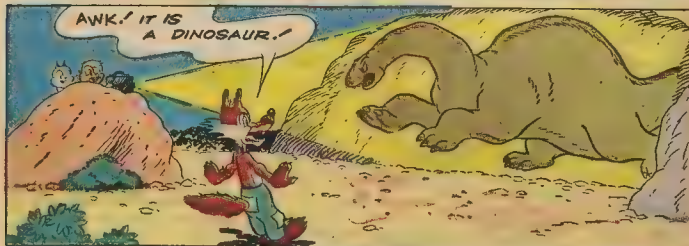
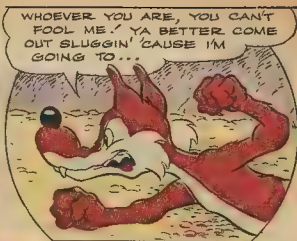
YEAH, ESPECIALLY  
I LIKE TO STUDY  
ABOUT THOSE  
PREHISTORIC  
ANIMALS!



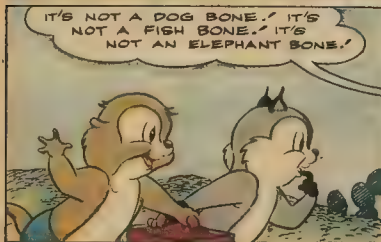
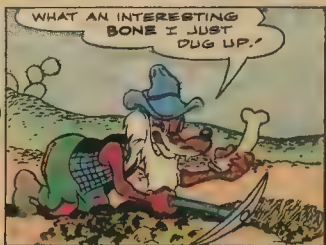
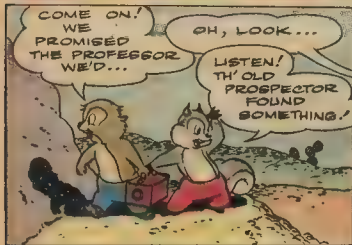
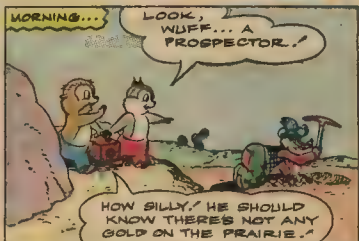
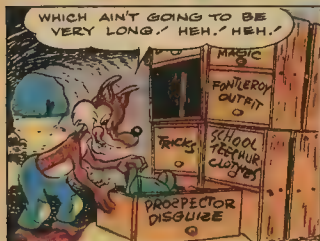


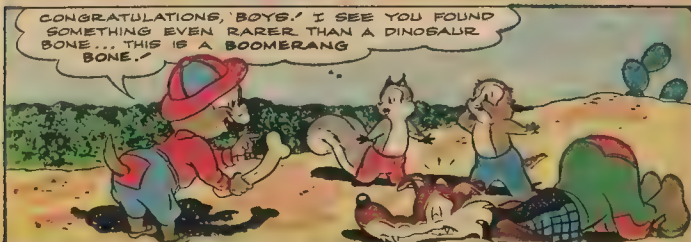
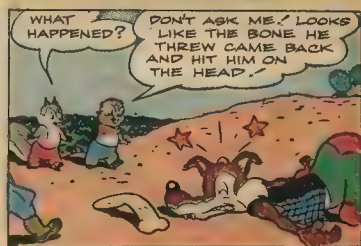
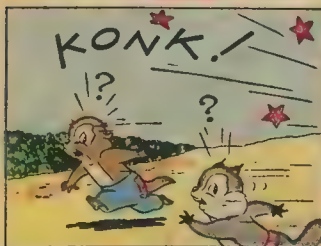
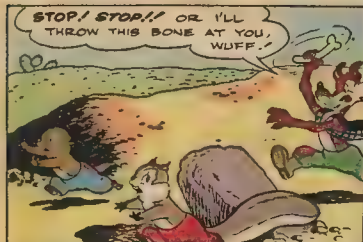
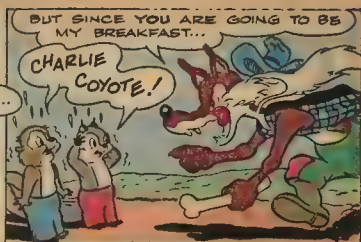
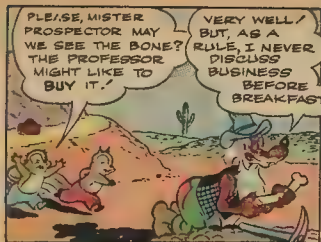












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present

# BARNEY BEAR

and

# BENNY BURRO

PUMPKIN<sup>2</sup>  
FOR SALE  
50¢

NO HALLOWEEN IS COMPLETE  
WITHOUT A JACK-O'-LANTERN!  
RIGHT THIS WAY, EVERYBODY!

I'LL  
BUY  
THAT  
PUMPKIN,  
BARNEY!

LUCKY YOU GOT HERE WHEN YOU  
DID, MISS COW. THAT'S MY LAST  
PUMPKIN!

BARNEY, WAS THAT  
REALLY YOUR  
LAST  
ONE?

YEP!  
AT  
LEAST, IT WAS TH' LAST  
ONE I HAD FER SALE!

COURSE I SAVED ONE FOR  
US. I WANTED IT TO BE NICE  
AN' FRESH, SO I LEFT TH' BIGGEST  
AND BEST ONE  
ON TH' VINE!

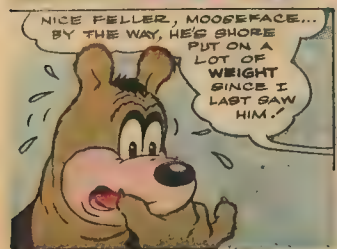
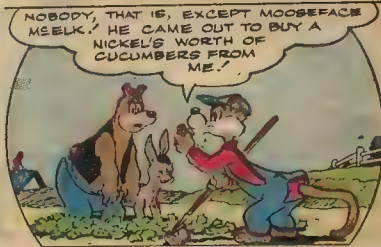
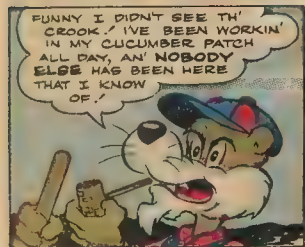
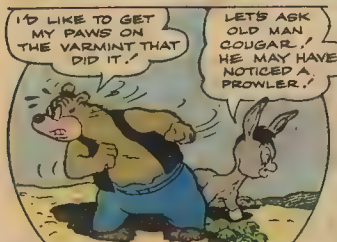
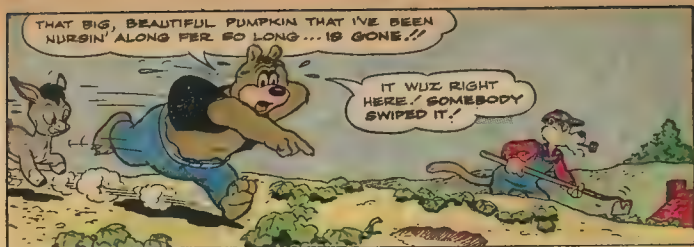
WE'LL GO PLUCK IT RIGHT  
NOW!

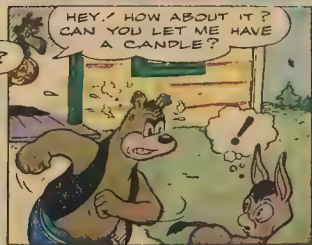
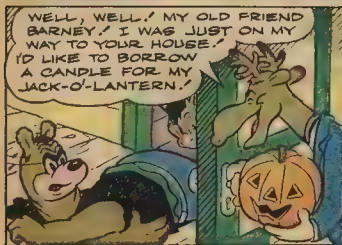
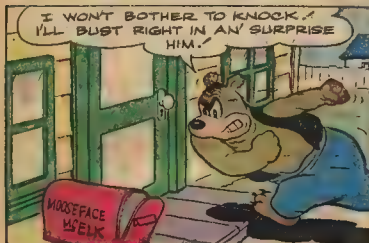
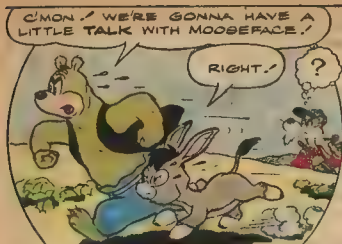
WHERE IS  
YOUR  
PUMPKIN  
PATCH,  
BARNEY?

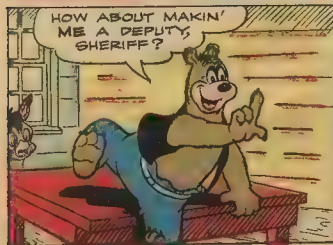
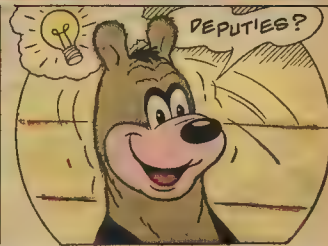
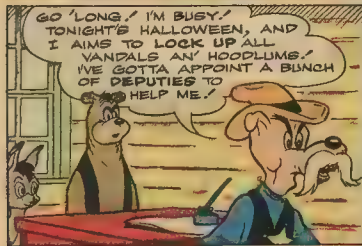
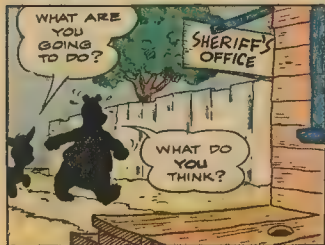
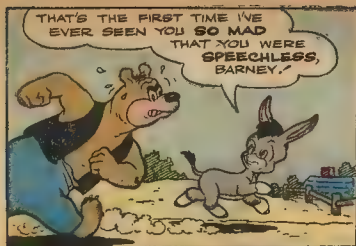
IT'S RIGHT  
OVER HERE  
NEXT TO OL'  
MAN COUGAR'S  
CUCUMBER  
PATCH, AN'...

EEEK!  
I'VE BEEN  
ROBBED!

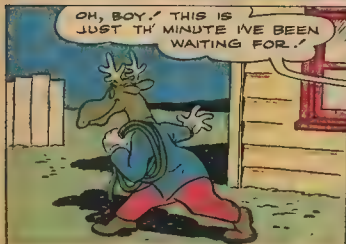
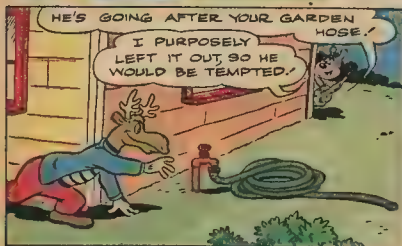
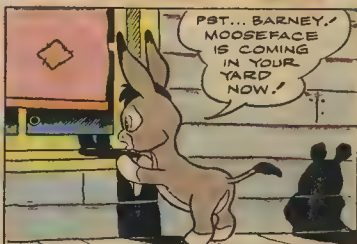


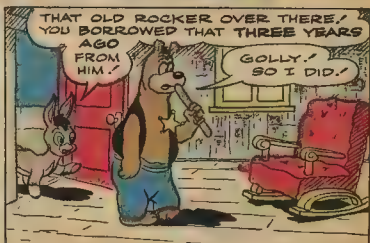
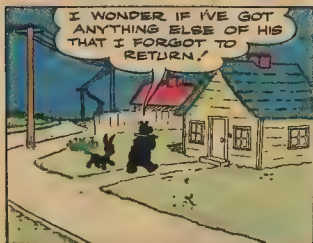
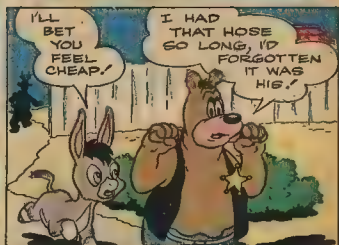
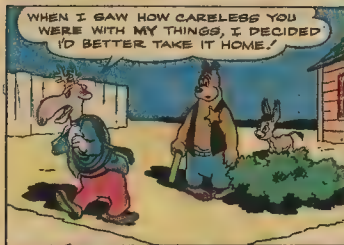
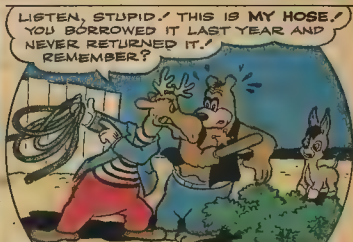
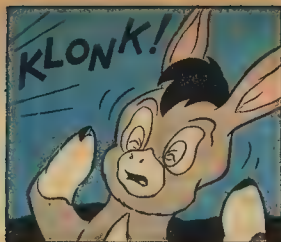


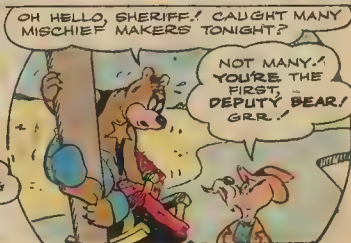
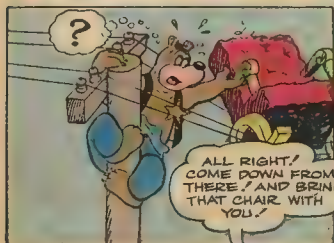
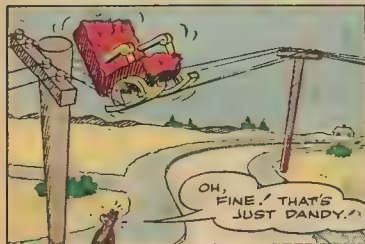
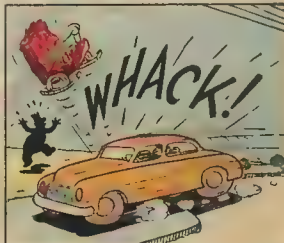
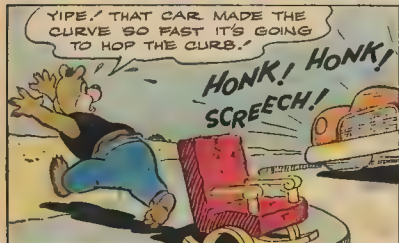
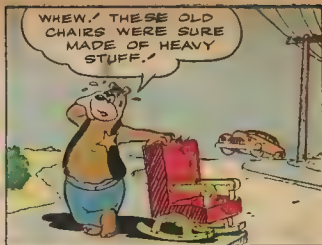
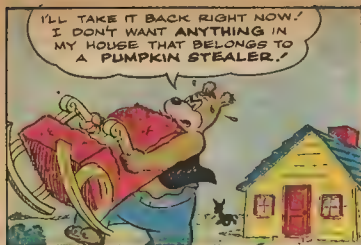




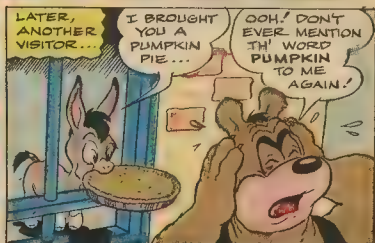
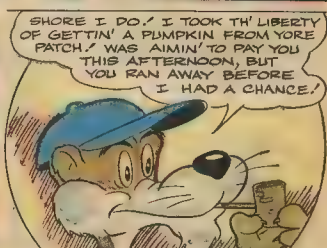
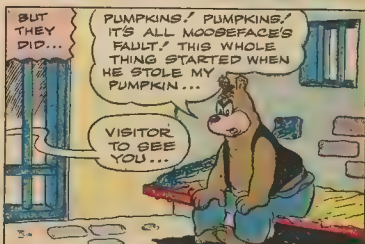
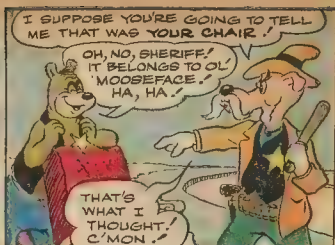










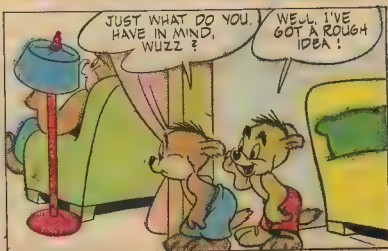
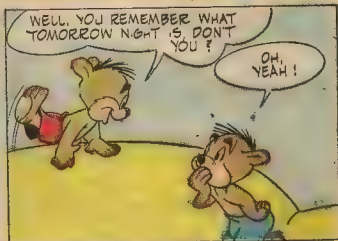
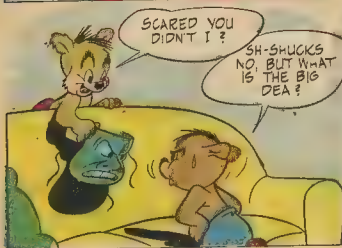
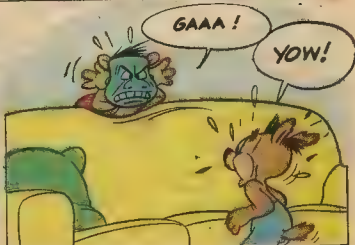
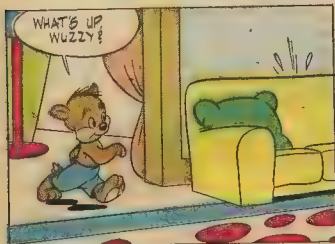
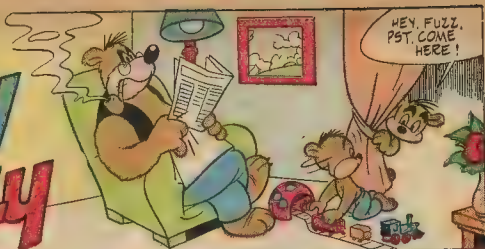


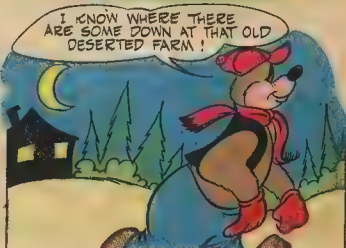
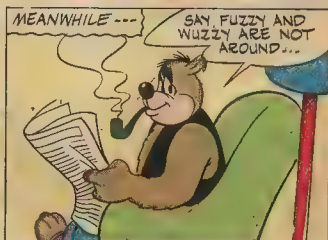
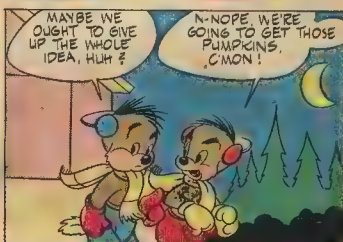
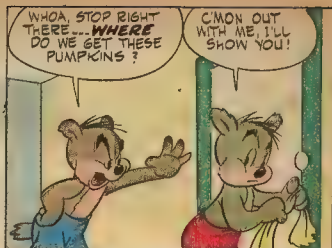
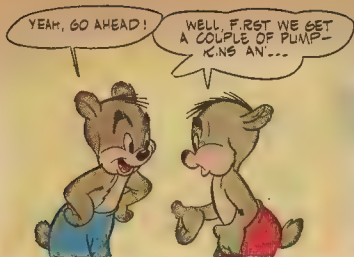
BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

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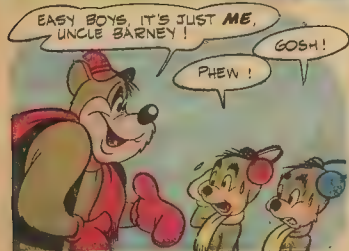
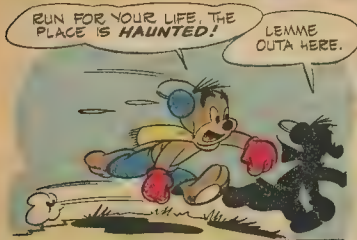
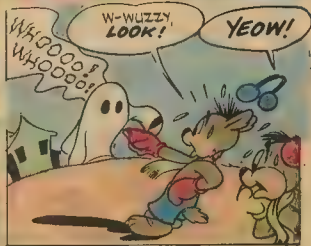
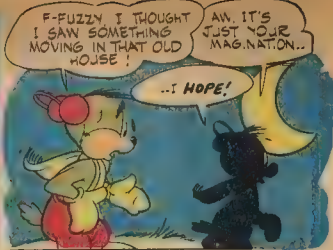
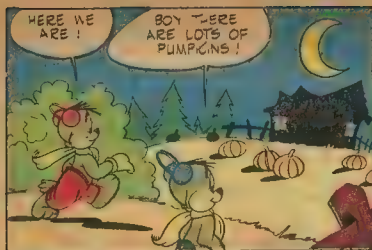
present

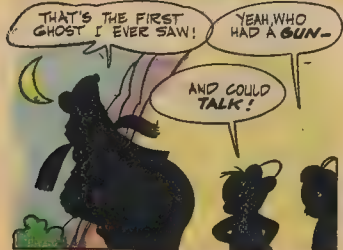
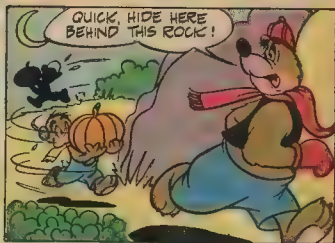
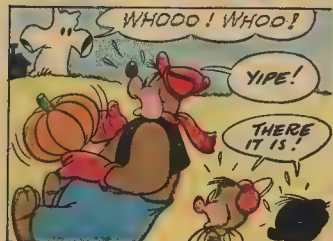
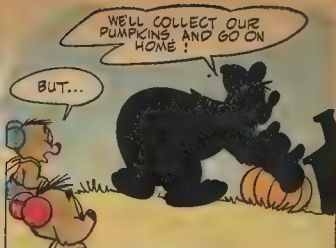
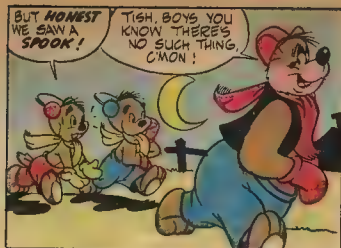
# fuzzy and WUZZY

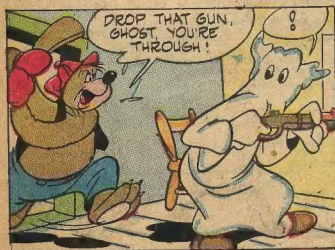
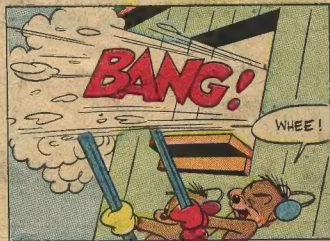
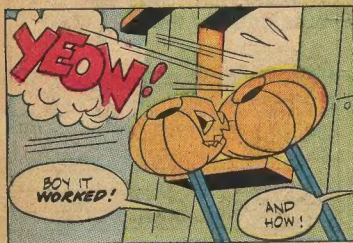
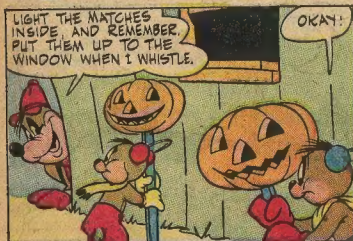
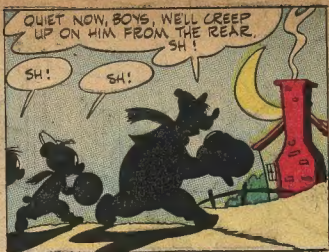








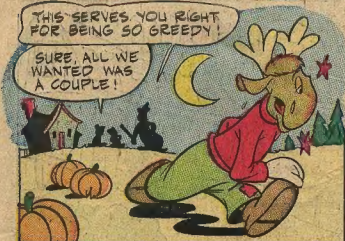
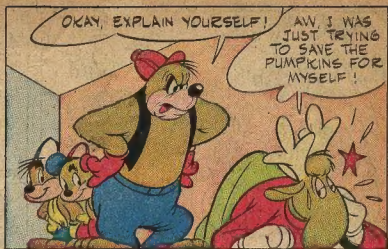






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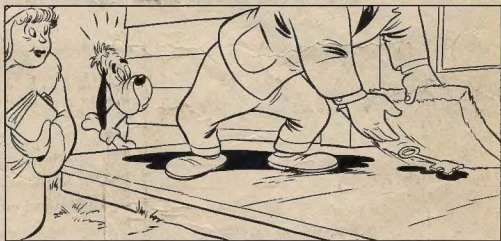
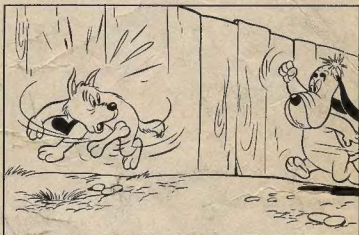
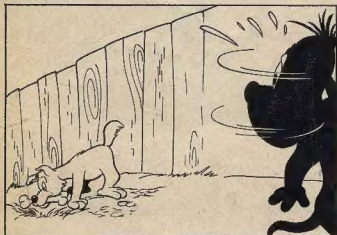
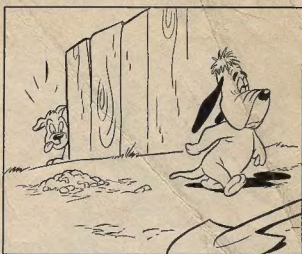
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